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WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 23, 1806.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

THE FRENCH HEROINE;
OR,
ADELAIDE LANGENOIS.

In the month of December 1801, when on the way from Avignon to Lyons, the Paris Diligence was joined by a young lady, at Montelimart; she was handed in by an officer of dragoons, who, recommending her to the care of the coachman, and to the civilities of the company, wished her a pleasant journey.

The inside passengers amounted to eight in the whole; among them were four young Lyonese, of a lively and gay disposition, fond of joking and laughing, but, upon the whole, inoffensive. The new travelling companion, the only female of the party, was dressed in a brown silk gown, neat enough, but her manners and conversation did not correspond with her female apparel; and, together with the colour of her complexion, seemed to indicate that she had passed more of her time in the tents of camps, than at the toilet, or in the dressing room. Her features, however, were not coarse, nor her voice rude, but rather soft. In fact, it was very difficult to know what to make of her.—Those considerations, or perhaps, curiosity, made the young Lyonese evince some inclination to amuse themselves at her expence; but she interrupted them, by telling them, she was not in a humour to joke, and that if they did not conduct themselves with that respect due to her sex and person, she would, at the end of the first stage, treat them as they merited.

When the Diligence stopped to allow the passengers time to breakfast, she ordered the driver to bring her the portmanteau Captain Langenois, her husband, had given to his care. Having received it, she went up stairs with the chambermaid, and in ten minutes returned, fully accoutred in the regimentals of an officer of dragoons, with her sabre by her side, challenging, in rather severe expressions, the four Lyonese to fight her, one after another. She at the same time threw some papers upon the table, saying, "Read these, you *blancheos*, and you will see that, though a woman, I have made seven campaigns, received nine wounds, and that, at present, after giving my resignation, I enjoy a pension of 800 livres, bestowed on me by the First Consul, as a reward for my services."

Some of the other passengers interfering, and those who had unintentionally offended her having made an apology, her good humour returned, and she continued, for the remainder of the journey, a very agreeable companion.

As soon as the Diligence set off, she favoured her fellow travellers with the following particulars of her military life—Her present husband, though the son of a nobleman in Normandy, was in 1792 obliged to enter as a volunteer; and as such he passed through Besancon, where she was born. Being seized with a fever in the house of her parents, where he had been billeted, she took particular care of him, and a mutual affection was soon formed between them. Her father opposing her inclination, she put on man's cloths, and joined the 9th regiment of hussars, in which her lover served.—She made the campaigns of 1793 and 1794, in the maritime Alps; was there wounded, and promoted to a cornetcy, while her lover still continued in the ranks.

Being informed by letters, that a relation of his was a colonel of the 15th regiment of dragoons, young Langenois wrote to him, and was afterwards advanced to the rank of a sub-lieutenant. Either from inconstancy, or from other causes, he had hitherto neglected his promise of marrying her; and, notwithstanding her entreaties, left her to join his new regiment, then on the frontiers of Spain. Thus deserted and wretched, in hopes of meeting with death, she rushed into the enemy's ranks in the first engagement, where after having her horse shot under her, and receiving two cuts on her head from a sabre, she fainted away from loss of blood, and, at her recovery, found herself a prisoner in the Austrian hospital. Her sex being discovered, she was treated by the enemy with great delicacy, and, as soon as convalescent, exchanged. She then resigned her commission as an officer of hassars, to inlist as a volunteer in the regiment of dragoons, then in Spain, where Lieut. Langenois served.

Having heard that she had been killed, he was most agreeably surprised at her arrival; and, in gratitude for her fidelity, and for her sacrifices, not only married, but procured her from his relation the same rank with himself. When the peace with Spain was concluded, her regiment was ordered to join the army of Italy; where, at the battle of Lodi, she was wounded in three places, and promoted by Bonaparte to a first lieutenancy, at the same time that her husband, who had greatly distinguished himself, was made a captain.

During the blockade and siege of Genoa, in the spring of 1800, her regiment belonged to the corps under the command of General Rochambeau, who attempted to throw in succours to Massena, the governor of Genoa. In one of the daily skirmishes, in the vicinity of that city, she again had her horse killed under her, was wounded and made a prisoner by General Haddick; who, in admiration of her courage, presented her a beautiful Hungarian horse, of his own, and released her without being exchanged. This horse, the General of Division, Duhem, had the insolence to put into requisition for himself, during her illness of a fever that then raged in the French army; and when, on her recovery, she claimed it, he refused to restore it. She sent him a challenge; but instead of fighting, he ordered her under arrest for insubordination. Such was, however, the regard that the officers and men had for her, that in a rencounter with the enemy next day, her horse upon which Duhem rode, was killed by them, which terified him so much, that he demanded and obtained the command of another division.

After the peace with Austria, at Luneville, she repaired, with her husband, to Paris; was introduced by General Murat to Bonaparte, who order-

ed a sabre, as a mark of honour, to be given her, which, at present, entitles her to number among the revolutionary knights of the pretended Legion of Honour. Her commission, certificates, and numerous other papers, proved the truth of her assertion, and that she diminished, rather than exaggerated, her military exploits. That she was much beloved by the troops was evident during the whole journey.—Pickets of the 15th dragoons were quartered in every place where the Diligence changed horses; they all spoke of her courage, generosity, and humanity, with the enthusiasm of sincerity and gratitude. They would have narrated many traits, illustrating what they said, but her modesty prevented them. They never ceased to exclaim, as long as she was in sight, *"Oh! la brave et bonne femme!"*

When at Lyons, she went to the play, dressed in her regimentals.—General Duhem was then Governor of that city. Owing her a grudge, he sent his aid-de-camp to her box, asking her, how she had dared to appear at the theatre, without fist informing the Governor of her arrival? "Tell your general," said she, "that I am no longer in the service; and that I shall be much obliged to him to settle with me, on the other side of Pont Morant, for the horse he stole from me last year. I have here," continued she, laying her hand on her sabre, "an instrument presented me by the First Consul, which shall cut the affair short." As she spoke very loud, her conversation was heard and applauded by the pit. She was, however, advised to continue her journey for Besançon the same night; as Duhem, as well as Bonaparte, had, during 1793, and 1794, been one of the most sanguinary terrorists and accomplices of Robespierre, and he was known to be as revengeful as cruel.

The writer of this sketch was one of the passengers in the Diligence, and relates nothing but what he heard and read. Madame Langenois had taken the name of Sans Gene, as *un nom de guerre*, or borrowed name. This was generally the custom with all the women serving in France.

MORAL.

TENDER MELANCHOLY.

FROM DRAKE'S LITERARY HOURS.

Can music's voice, can beauty's eye,
Can painting's glowing hand supply
A charm so suited to my mind,
As blows this hollow gust of wind,
As drops this little weeping rill,
Soft trickling down the moss-grown hill,
While thro' the west where sinks the crimson day
Meek twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners grey?

Mason.

To meliorate the sufferings of unmerited calamity, to enable us to bear up against the pressure of detraction, and the wreck of ties the most endearing, benevolent Providence hath wisely mingled, in the cup of sorrow, drops of a sweet and soothing nature. If, when the burst of passion dies away; if, when the violence of grief abates, rectitude of conduct, and just feeling be possessed, recollection points not the arrow of misfortune, it adds not the horrors

of guilt; no, it gives birth to sensations the most pleasing, sweet, though full of sorrow, melancholy, yet delightful, which soften and which calm the mind, which heal, and pour balm into the wounded spirit. The man, whose efforts have been liberal and industrious, deserving, though unfortunate, whom poverty and oppression, whom calumny and ingratitude have brought low, feels, whilst conscious innocence dilates his breast, that secret gratulation, that self-approving and that honest pride which fits him to sustain the pangs of want and neglect; he finds, amid the bitterest misfortunes, that virtue still can whisper peace, can comfort, and can bid the wretched smile. Thus even where penury and distress put on their sternest features, and where the necessaries of life are with difficulty procured, even here are found those dear emotions which arise from purity of thought and action; emotions from whose influence no misery can take away, from whose claim to possession no tyrant can detract, which the guilty being deprived of sicken and despair, and which he who holds fast, is comparatively blest.

But where the mind has been liberally and elegantly cultivated, where much sensibility and strength of passion are present, and the misfortunes occuring, turn upon the loss of some tender and beloved connexion, in this case, what may be called the luxury of grief is more fully and exquisitely displayed. That mild and gentle sorrow, which in the bosom of the good, and of the feeling, succeeds the strong energies of grief, is of a nature so soothing and grateful, so friendly to the soft emotions of the soul, that those, whose friendship, or whose love the hand of fate has severed, delight in the indulgence of reflections which lead to past endearment, which, dwelling on the virtues, the perfections of the dead, breathe the pure spirit of melancholy enthusiasm.

——————ask the faithful youth
Why the cold urn of her, whom long he loved,
So often fills his arms, so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh, he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance sooth,
With virtue's kindest looks, his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.——— *Akenside.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

STERNE'S LEGACY.

After he had been inducted to the valuable living of Coxwould, in Yorkshire, on the presentation of the late earl of Fauconberg, a poor widow, of most unblemished character, being at the point of death, expressed a wish to receive the holy sacrament in her last moments. The sentimental pastor was accordingly sent for: Sterne instantly obeyed the summons; and, the solemn ceremony being ended, he said with a most benignant smile, 'What do you intend to leave me in your will, for this trouble?'—'Alas! sir,' replied the dying woman, 'I am too poor to give the smallest legacy even to my nearest relations.'—'That excuse,' cried Sterne, 'shall not serve me: I must insist on inheriting your two children; and, in return for this bequest, I shall take such care of them, they shall feel as little as possible the loss of an affectionate and worthy mother.'

The woman expired, blessing the benevolent deed; and Sterne most re-

ligiously kept his promise—How few are there who approach a death bed solicitous for such legacies!

A fastidious usurpation of dignity is the never failing mark of an upstart or a blockhead. The man of true dignity, self-erect and strong, needs not have recourse, for support, to the comparative wretchedness of his fellow creatures.—You will understand me, however. When I say the *man of true dignity*, I am far, very far, from meaning a lord, a 'squire, a banker, or a general officer—I mean a man of INTRINSIC WORTH.

——*Campbell's Narrative.*

In the first stages of melancholy, consolation is rejected by the mind, as premature. The heart, intent, as it were, upon supping full of woe, disclaims all advances of comfort and feeds on grief alone. Hence the truly skilfull in the human heart consider premature consolation as an aggravation of woe.

——*ibid.*

The female breast is the natural soil of christainity; and while our women are taught to believe its doctrines, and obey its precepts, the wit of Voltaire, and the stile of Bolingbroke, will never be able to destroy its influence upon our citizens. *Rush.*

EFFECTS OF SURPRISE.

An attorney being grievously afflicted with the gout, which had confined him several weeks to his chamber, launched out into all those extravagancies of passion which generally attend that excruciating disorder. His pain was so excessive, that, though at other times he was not addicted to profaneness of speech he upon this occasion exercised his tongue in the most bitter invectives, cursing his leg, and wish the d—l and d—— would rid him of it, rather than suffer him to undergo such torture and pain. A chimney-sweeper had been directed to come that day to sweep the kitchen-chimney: he sent his boy before him with a message that he would immediately follow: the boy in order to prepare for his master's coming, got up the chimney to observe the state of it, but in coming down he mistook his course, and came down the chimney of the chamber where the attorney was sitting cursing his gouty leg. To account for the boy's mistake, it must be observed, that both kitchen and chamber chimnies had the same funnel to convey out the smoke. The boy, seeing the attorney, made his obeisance in his way, and said, 'Your servant Sir; my master is coming immediately.' The attorney forgetting, or probably being unacquainted with the circumstance of the chimney being to be swept, thought that the imprecations he had uttered had really called forth the d—l; he was therefore so agitated with the idea, that, forgetful of the disorder he laboured under, he jumped off his chair, and, to the astonishment of all the family, went down into the kitchen as though the gout had never visited him; but, what is most extraordinary, he has never since been in the least troubled with it.

An Irish print says, that Count Kamir, in his voyage to Greenland, has given a *glowing* description of the mountains of *ice*.

A gentleman of the name of *Marble*, was married lately to a Miss *Moss*, in defiance of the proverb which says, 'a rolling stone will never gather moss.'

Near Market Drayton is a public house called the *Four Alls*, which are severally represented on the sign-board, the first three by a king, a parson, and a soldier; from the mouth of each issues a descriptive label:—the monarch says, *I govern All*—the divine, *I pray for All*—the soldier, *I fight for All*—and John Bull, in a waggoner's frock, stands, archly exclaiming, *But I* PAY *for All.*

SELECTED POETRY.

From the Sporting Magazine.

SPECULATION.

HAZARD, a careless fellow, known
At ev'ry gambling house in town,
Was oft in want of money, yet
Could never bear to run in debt;
Because, 'twas thought no man was willing
To give him credit for a shilling.
Dependant on Dame Fortune's will,
He threw the dice, or well, or ill;
This day in rags, the next in lace,
Just as it happen'd, sice or ace;
Was often-times when not a winner,
Uncertain where to get a dinner.
One day when cruel Fortune's frown
Had stript him of his last half-crown,
Saunt'ring along, in sorry mood,
Hungry, perhaps, for want of food;
A parlour window struck his eye,
Thro' which our hero chanc'd to spy
A jolly round-fac'd personage,
Somewhat about the middle age,
Beginning a luxurious meal,
For 'twas a noble loin of veal;
And such a sight, I need not mention,
Quickly arrested his attention;
Surely, thought he, I know that face,
I've seen it at some other place—
I recollect, 'twas at the play,
And there I heard some people say
How rich this fellow was, and what
A handsome daughter he had got!
That dinner would exactly do,
A loin of veal's enough for two;
Could I but now strike out some way
To get an introduction, eh!
Most likely 'tis I may endeavor
In vain, but come, I'll try, however;
And now he meditates no more—
Thunders a rat-tat at the door.
The party-colour'd footman come,
'Pray, is your master, sir, at home?'
'My master, sir,'s at home, but busy.'
'Then he's engag'd,' quoth Hazard, 'is he?'
In voice as loud as he could bellow,
'I'm very sorry, my good fellow,
It happens so, because I could
Your master do some little good,
A Speculation that I know,
Might save a thousand pounds or so;
No matter, friend, your master tell
Another day will do as well.'
'What's that you say?' the master cries,
With pleasure beaming from his eyes,
And napkin tuck'd beneath his chin;
Bouncing from parlour, whence within
He'd heard those joy inspiring sounds
Of saving him a thousand pounds!
'My dear Sir, what is that you say?
'Sir, I can call another day;
Your dinner I've disturb'd I fear.'
'Do pray, Sir, take your dinner here;
You'll find a welcome warm and hearty.'
'I shall intrude, Sir, on your party.'
'There's not a soul but I and you.'
'Well then, I don't care if I do.'
Our spark's design thus far completed,
Behold him at the table seated,
Paying away, as well he might,
With some degree of appetite.
Our host, who willing would have press'd
The thousand pound upon his guest,
Still thought it would not be genteel
To interrupt him at his meal,
Which seem'd so fully to employ him,
Talking might probably annoy him,
So thought it better he should wait
Till after dinner, the debate;
And now, 'the king and constitution,
With ill success to revolution,'
And many a warm and loyal toast,
Had been discuss'd, when our good host
Thought it was almost time to say,
'Let's move the order of the day.'
Indeed he hardly could help thinking
'Twas rather odd his guest was drinking,
The bus'ness not a jot the nearer,
A second bottle of Madeira;
And that he seem'd to sit and chatter,
'Bout this, and that, and 'tother matter,
As if he'd not the least intention
This thousand pounds of his to mention.
Much did he wish to give a hint,
Yet knew not how he should begin 't;
At length, 'Sir, you've forgot, I fear,
The business that has brought you here.
I think you gave some intimation
About a saving speculation.'
'Ay, Sir—You'll find it not amiss,
My Speculation 's simply this:—
I hear you have a daughter, Sir.'
'A daughter! well, and what of her!
What can my daughter have to do
With this affair 'twixt me and you?'
'I mean to make your daughter—craving
Your pardon, Sir—the means of saving
The sum I mention. You'll allow
My scheme is feasible.' 'As how?'
'Why, thus—I hear you've no objection
To form some conjugal connection
For this same daughter.' 'No, provided
All other matters coincided."

'Then, Sir, I'll suit you to a hair—
Pray, is she not extremely fair?
'Why—yes—there's many folks who
praise her—
But what is beauty now-a-days, Sir!'
'Ay, true Sir, nothing without wealth;
But, come, suppose we drink her health.'
'Indeed I've drank enough already.'
'Oh fie—Consider, Sir, a lady!
By rights we should have drank her
first.
Pray, fill.' 'Well, if I must, I must.'
'And pray what age, Sir, may she be?'
'God bless her, she's just twenty three.'
'Just twenty three! faith, a rare age.'
'Sir, you were speaking of her mar-
riage.'
'I was—and wish to know, in case
Such an occurrence should take place,
The sum it might be in your power
To give with her by way of dower?'
'Well then, Sir, this is my intent,
If married with my own consent,
I've no objection, on such grounds,
With her to pay ten thousand pounds.'
'Ten thousand, Sir, I think you say?'
'I do.' 'What! on the marriage day?'
'The whole.' 'Then let her, Sir, be
mine;
I'll take off your hands with nine;
And that you'll call, I'm sure, good
grounds
For saving you a thousand pounds.'

ON A PALE LADY.

Whence comes it that in Clara's face,
The lily only has a place?—
Is it, because the absent rose
Is gone to paint her husband's nose?

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

'Tis not scenes of festive pleasure,
Splendid equipage and dress,
Hoarded heaps of glitt'ring treasure,
Can bestow true happiness.

No, the sweetest joy arises
From domestic dear delights;
Where the peace that virtue prizes,
With attractive power unites.

Far from scenes of sad vexation,
Happy they who can remove
To their tranquil habitation,
Blest with competence and love.

Where good nature ever smiling,
Kindles joy in every heart;
And affection, grief beguiling,
Sweetest pleasure can impart.

Piety the scene adoring,
With a lustre all divine,
Brings to view the glorious morning,
When their joys shall brighter shine.

Earth's delights at best are fleeting,
Ev'ry pleasure has its pain;
But when these are all retreating,
'Tis to bloom more fair again.

O how lovely is the dwelling,
Where such joys as these abound;
Each enjoyment sure foretelling,
All with glory shall be crown'd.

EPIGRAM.

I am unable, yonder Beggar cries,
To stand or go—if he says true, he lies.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SALEM, AUGUST 16—23, 1806.

Among the curious events of our times is the attention which the French Emperor is said to pay to the Jews. The fate of this people has been interesting in past ages from the history of the Christian religion. The conflictory claims to the Messiah have rendered the controversies respecting the Jews important. What some men have never expected from religion, they have expected from political causes. That a nation so long distinct in its character, and dispersed over the globe, should at length find some band of union, some political tie, or at length take possession of their former inheritance, has had nothing beyond the probable occurences of our world. Dr. Priestly pressed upon the Jews the recollection, that their infidelity might obstruct that prosperity which they might justly hope, and which he believed they would share, and it was an evident cause continually operating against them, that the Christian nations were not friendly to them. Should a political association favor their union, the globe would soon furnish a country they might call their own. And all the revolutions which are upon the globe, continue

to give importance to that country, once their own, which opens a communication with the East and the West, and is indeed most central to the commerce of the Globe. The subject of their Messiah, as it has been maintained by the pleas of this ancient people, has been most faithfully examined by that eminent Italian, whose collection of the Hebrew scriptures have established his reputation. And Rossi, in his dictionary of Hebrew authors and their works, while he has displayed his own diligence, has assisted a most favourable opinion of the learning and application of the Hebrews to the studies which were in reputation with their own nation.—This judicious work, while it avoids the voluminous size of former writers, has collected the most valuable facts, and the most interesting incidents in the lives of their great men, and is adapted to impress us with the part which each has taken in useful science, and their own history. To Michælis we may look for the best system of their Laws, and to Geddes for the best English version of their Holy Books. We cannot refuse to recite the words of Dr. Priestly, in his letters to the Jews: "May the God of heaven be graciously pleased to gather you from among all nations, as he has promised; resettle you in your own country, the land of Canaan, and under princes of the family of David, make you the most illustrious, as you now are the most despised, of all the nations of the earth." [*Register.*

DEATHS.

At Marblehead, Capt. Joseph Selman, aged 55. At Danvers, Mrs. Lydia Putnam, wife of Mr. Ebenezer P.

In Liverpool, England, Capt. Daniel Archer, of this town, aged 30.

In this town, Mr. William Patterson, aged 75. Mr. John Brown, aged 74. Mrs. Elizabeth Watson, aged 54, wife of Mr. John Watson. Mrs. Mary Meek, aged 34, wife of Mr. Timothy Meek. Mr. Samuel Oakes, aged 17. Mr. Samuel King, aged 17, Son of Mr. James K.

Drowned, in Salem harbour, Mr. Joseph Trask.

COMMUNICATED.

Having just returned from following one of my young friends, Mr. Samuel King, aged 17, to the silent tomb, I cannot avoid expressing the feelings which the solemnity of the occasion excited. A young man, but a few months since, the picture of health, the delight of his companions, and the satisfaction of his friends, is snatched from us, as it were, in a moment. Solemn and melancholy as it is, such is the frailty of our natures, that we spring up like the flower of the field, 'flourish for a little time, but as soon as the 'blasting wind sweeps over' us, we fade away and die! But shall we as living creatures complain? No: rather let us prepare to follow those who are taken from among us, by embracing the offers of the Gospel. Let us not repine at the frowns of Providence; but remember the ways of Heaven, although dark and mysterious, are just: that no age is free from the arrest of death. How solemn the thought! 'one dieth in his full strength.' How forcibly ought the injunction of the inspired writer to strike us, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' May we all remember, while our friends are dropping into the grave, on our right hand and on our left, while 'man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets,' that this is not our continuing city, and that it is necessary to seek another and better world. MONITOR.

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